

FOUND SEVEN FINE PEARLS IN AN OYSTER

Diner at the Savarin Enriched by \$500 Worth of Gems.

Gustav, the large blond waiter at the Cafe Savarin, in the Equitable Building, says this:

"That is the use of expecting to find honesty in human nature, when you can't even trust an oyster no more!" He says it fearfully. An oyster threw him down yesterday. It looked just like one of the plain-unvarnished blue points of commerce, with a pale blue eye and a lot of little fluted paces, enfeebled around the edges.

But it wasn't. Within its placid breast or somewhere on the premises were hidden seven lovely pearls—two white, one black, and the rest assorted shades of a total value of \$500.

And the pearls got past Gustav. They got to William H. Bloom, who was only a guest, and doesn't even live in New York. Mr. Bloom is the manager of the Ohio Brass Company's plant at Mansfield, O. He comes East on brass business every few months. He is now in our bustling city, being a guest of the Hotel Breslin. Yesterday he went down to the local office of the brass company, at No. 41 Exchange place, and Walter Mattison, who has charge there, offered him around to the Savarin for a bite to eat.

Half a Dozen Raw.

Mr. Bloom thought he'd take raw oysters. So the man in the kitchen opened him a half-dozen and Gustav brought them to him on a plate.

With four of those oysters this story has nothing to do. The fifth oyster was the one that concealed the seven happy secrets. Mr. Bloom chews his oysters. If he swallowed them whole, as do some, these times would never have been peened, and Mr. Bloom would have returned to his happy Ohio home ignorant for aye perhaps of how much he was worth to himself inside. But in Mansfield they chew theirs—chewing helps you to get your money's worth. As Mr. Bloom bit into the tummy of this fifth and fateful oyster, he felt something round and gritty between his teeth.

"They have failed to properly manure these oysters," he said, and ejected the gritty object from his mouth. It was a small, round, white, smooth, lustrous pearl. He picked up six more pearls.

"Alas for unhappy Gustav," he stood there joggling on, with his eyes bulged out so far you couldn't tell whether they were his eyes or belonged to the waiter at the next table.

Property of the Guest.
"I presume that when you serve oysters on the half shell all the guests in the shell belong to that guest," he quipped Mr. Bloom, cannily, of Gustav. Gustav recalled his eyes and admitted that such would have some reward," said Mr. Bloom, as he picked up one of the remaining oysters.

And then he wrapped up all the pearls in a handkerchief and told Gustav to bring Mr. Savarin for him, on account of Mr. Savarin's kindness and generosity, and went away. Gustav retired to the pantry and in the excess of his emotion, ate nearly all the work of the waiter.

But you bet there'll be no more any eating by the oysters, that he admits. Every oyster that comes through Gustav's hands hereafter is going to get frisked good and plenty.

ROBINSON TO QUIT ROAD.
CITY OF MEXICO, Nov. 9.—Leaving for New York, President A. A. Robinson, of the Mexican Central Railroad, announces that he will retire at once as the road's president. He gives no reason. It was reported again that the Government meant to buy the line, but this is denied by Secretary of Finance Nemes.

WHY START MARRIAGE WITH A ROW? ASKS BETTY VINCENT

Apt Answer to the Old Question About the Word Obey.

DON'T ADD TO TROUBLE

There Will Be Enough Without Worrying Over So Small a Matter.

A YOUNG girl writes me the ancient question, "Am I promised to obey my husband?" I don't want to.

For years I've been reading of brides who refused to utter of bridegrooms who insisted on the trouble-making little word, "Obey," in the marriage ceremony. To the latest person bothered by this foolish perplexity and to all of them I would ask one question:

Why start your marriage with a row?

There are difficulties enough ahead of you, heaven knows, real, serious differences that it will take all the love and patience at your command to solve.

The word "obey" is omitted from many church ceremonies. If you don't like it, pick out one of these.

He Is Just a Prig.
The young man who insists that his bride shall promise to obey him is generally, rather a prig. But in the other hand, the bride who is in the real state of mind is always so sure that she and the little tin god she is about to acquire will ever be in perfect accord that she regards the promise to obey as the most foolish of promises.

How to Keep Him Loyal.
If you are good-natured and have a lot of sense, you will find that your husband will be a good deal more loyal to you than he will be to the word "obey."

Men are absurdly grateful for decent treatment—no matter what comes and women novelists write to the contrary.

How to Keep Him Loyal.
If you are good-natured and have a lot of sense, you will find that your husband will be a good deal more loyal to you than he will be to the word "obey."

Men are absurdly grateful for decent treatment—no matter what comes and women novelists write to the contrary.

BOY CAGED IN CORN CRIB NEARLY SIX YEARS HAS REVERTED ALMOST INTO APE CREATURE



Anna Nelson
Little John Nelson Saved from Wretched Life by Children's Society.

The almost incredible story of how little five-year-old John Nelson was caged in an old corn crib on the Black Stump farm of Peter Nelson, down on Hempstead Turnpike, aroused the most sympathetic interest when printed in The Evening World last night. The story of the discovery of the hapless boy and his rescue from the semi-savage surroundings in which he was placed is told in fuller detail to-day.

Mounted Policeman Reilly first heard strange wails and cries from the corn crib on the Black Stump farm, a few days ago.

"What have you got in the corn crib?" he asked seventy-four-year-old Peter Nelson, the owner of Black Stump.

"A young calf, that is all," was the reply, and the policeman forged on. Then he began to hear stories from the neighbors which resulted yesterday in Detectives Lawlor and Bolton, of the Flushing police, visiting the lonely farm before his master and mistress were up and releasing from the stabled corn crib a creature that was human in form, but that ran from them like a scared rabbit and gibbered and grunted at the strange faces like an ape in a tropical forest.

As they had approached the farm buildings they had heard a strange sound proceeding from a weather-beaten cob shack in the rear of the farm-house.

From its roof they noticed a stout suspended rope, and swinging to and fro on this, chattering incoherently, lay on this was a little boy, with a face that was as white as paper and eyes that were as black as ink.

It was the first time that the boy had been seen since he was taken from his home in the corn crib nearly six years ago.

There were a few straws of a few scattered wheat still hung about his head, the excited son of Peter and Anna Nelson, crushed and gibbered till the detectives reached him for what was believed to be the same state of decay as a dead animal.

St. Mary's cemetery, a north of the farm, and on Monday night the figure of the persecuted child of the Nelsons was seen among the graves, a stark terror to the hearts of every one in the neighborhood.

This was when he escaped from his corn crib prison. On such occasions his parents would hunt their strange child—sometimes for days, for when he left from John Nelson was as hard to catch as a wild animal.

Father Nearly Millionaire.
Old Peter Nelson is possessor of a fortune of something very near \$500,000. His wife, who, six years ago, was thirty-four-year-old Anna Heratsko, took for a wealthy family, has a large amount of money in her own right, Nelson himself says. "We are never hungry now," he says.

Yet, despite their circumstances, they have had a boy who, from appearance, is brighter than most children, under conditions which could not help bring him to the level of the swine with which he consorted whenever he could escape from his pen.

In the rooms of the Children's Society today poor little John Nelson was given the first bath he ever had. He went into the tub a malnourished, dirt-caked creature. He came out in some respect human child.

Nelson's parents are interesting. His mother is a Polish woman. Peter Nelson had buried two wives and had raised three sons and two daughters when the woman came to him to buy straw for her farm.

She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm.

She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm.

She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm.

She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm.

She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm.

She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm.

She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm.

She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm.

She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm.

She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm.



Peter Nelson

the detectives reached him for what was believed to be the same state of decay as a dead animal.

At night of the day the shifty gray-blue eyes grew less wild and, drooping to the ground, was soon in their custody.

With pains they hurried him to the house. As his eyes fell on his mother, who had been called out by her husband, the child, so unchildlike, broke into pitiful sobbing and tore himself from the detectives, who he clung to the woman's skirts as he cried her name.

Through it all she evinced no emotion until the detectives arrested her and her husband took them to the Flushing Police Court, where Magistrate Connolly, after exposing his horror at the details of the case, held them in \$50 each and committed to poor little creature to the custody of the Children's Society at No. 145 Schenck street, Brooklyn. Jeffers, their neighbor, furnished the Nelsons bail and they were released for further examination next week.

It would be hard to imagine a more picturesque farm-house than "Black Stump." It stands an old two-storyed wrap, lichen-covered pile, about three hundred yards back from the old Hempstead Turnpike. Peter Nelson, its owner, is seventy-four years old.

His wife, who, six years ago, was thirty-four-year-old Anna Heratsko, took for a wealthy family, has a large amount of money in her own right, Nelson himself says. "We are never hungry now," he says.

Yet, despite their circumstances, they have had a boy who, from appearance, is brighter than most children, under conditions which could not help bring him to the level of the swine with which he consorted whenever he could escape from his pen.

In the rooms of the Children's Society today poor little John Nelson was given the first bath he ever had. He went into the tub a malnourished, dirt-caked creature. He came out in some respect human child.

Nelson's parents are interesting. His mother is a Polish woman. Peter Nelson had buried two wives and had raised three sons and two daughters when the woman came to him to buy straw for her farm.

She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm.

She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm.

She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm.

She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm.

She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm.

She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm.

She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm.

She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm.

She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm.

She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm.

She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm.

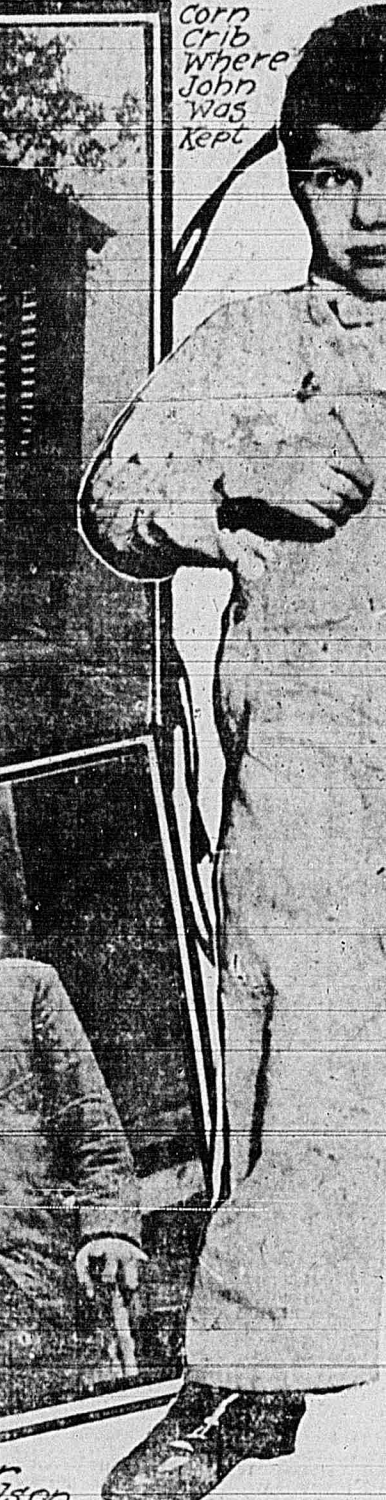
She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm.

She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm.

She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm.

She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm.

She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm.



Corn Crib where John Was Kept

the detectives reached him for what was believed to be the same state of decay as a dead animal.

At night of the day the shifty gray-blue eyes grew less wild and, drooping to the ground, was soon in their custody.

With pains they hurried him to the house. As his eyes fell on his mother, who had been called out by her husband, the child, so unchildlike, broke into pitiful sobbing and tore himself from the detectives, who he clung to the woman's skirts as he cried her name.

Through it all she evinced no emotion until the detectives arrested her and her husband took them to the Flushing Police Court, where Magistrate Connolly, after exposing his horror at the details of the case, held them in \$50 each and committed to poor little creature to the custody of the Children's Society at No. 145 Schenck street, Brooklyn. Jeffers, their neighbor, furnished the Nelsons bail and they were released for further examination next week.

It would be hard to imagine a more picturesque farm-house than "Black Stump." It stands an old two-storyed wrap, lichen-covered pile, about three hundred yards back from the old Hempstead Turnpike. Peter Nelson, its owner, is seventy-four years old.

His wife, who, six years ago, was thirty-four-year-old Anna Heratsko, took for a wealthy family, has a large amount of money in her own right, Nelson himself says. "We are never hungry now," he says.

Yet, despite their circumstances, they have had a boy who, from appearance, is brighter than most children, under conditions which could not help bring him to the level of the swine with which he consorted whenever he could escape from his pen.

In the rooms of the Children's Society today poor little John Nelson was given the first bath he ever had. He went into the tub a malnourished, dirt-caked creature. He came out in some respect human child.

Nelson's parents are interesting. His mother is a Polish woman. Peter Nelson had buried two wives and had raised three sons and two daughters when the woman came to him to buy straw for her farm.

She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm.

She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm.

She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm.

She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm.

She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm.

She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm.

She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm.

She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm.

She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm.

She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm.

She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm.

She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm.

She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm.

She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm.

She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm.

She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm.



Corn Crib where John Was Kept

the detectives reached him for what was believed to be the same state of decay as a dead animal.

At night of the day the shifty gray-blue eyes grew less wild and, drooping to the ground, was soon in their custody.

With pains they hurried him to the house. As his eyes fell on his mother, who had been called out by her husband, the child, so unchildlike, broke into pitiful sobbing and tore himself from the detectives, who he clung to the woman's skirts as he cried her name.

Through it all she evinced no emotion until the detectives arrested her and her husband took them to the Flushing Police Court, where Magistrate Connolly, after exposing his horror at the details of the case, held them in \$50 each and committed to poor little creature to the custody of the Children's Society at No. 145 Schenck street, Brooklyn. Jeffers, their neighbor, furnished the Nelsons bail and they were released for further examination next week.

It would be hard to imagine a more picturesque farm-house than "Black Stump." It stands an old two-storyed wrap, lichen-covered pile, about three hundred yards back from the old Hempstead Turnpike. Peter Nelson, its owner, is seventy-four years old.

His wife, who, six years ago, was thirty-four-year-old Anna Heratsko, took for a wealthy family, has a large amount of money in her own right, Nelson himself says. "We are never hungry now," he says.

Yet, despite their circumstances, they have had a boy who, from appearance, is brighter than most children, under conditions which could not help bring him to the level of the swine with which he consorted whenever he could escape from his pen.

In the rooms of the Children's Society today poor little John Nelson was given the first bath he ever had. He went into the tub a malnourished, dirt-caked creature. He came out in some respect human child.

Nelson's parents are interesting. His mother is a Polish woman. Peter Nelson had buried two wives and had raised three sons and two daughters when the woman came to him to buy straw for her farm.

She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm.

She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm.

She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm.

She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm.

She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm.

She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm.

She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm.

She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm.

She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm.

She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm.

She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm.

She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm.

She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm.

She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm.

She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm.

She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm.



Corn Crib where John Was Kept

the detectives reached him for what was believed to be the same state of decay as a dead animal.

At night of the day the shifty gray-blue eyes grew less wild and, drooping to the ground, was soon in their custody.

With pains they hurried him to the house. As his eyes fell on his mother, who had been called out by her husband, the child, so unchildlike, broke into pitiful sobbing and tore himself from the detectives, who he clung to the woman's skirts as he cried her name.

Through it all she evinced no emotion until the detectives arrested her and her husband took them to the Flushing Police Court, where Magistrate Connolly, after exposing his horror at the details of the case, held them in \$50 each and committed to poor little creature to the custody of the Children's Society at No. 145 Schenck street, Brooklyn. Jeffers, their neighbor, furnished the Nelsons bail and they were released for further examination next week.

It would be hard to imagine a more picturesque farm-house than "Black Stump." It stands an old two-storyed wrap, lichen-covered pile, about three hundred yards back from the old Hempstead Turnpike. Peter Nelson, its owner, is seventy-four years old.

His wife, who, six years ago, was thirty-four-year-old Anna Heratsko, took for a wealthy family, has a large amount of money in her own right, Nelson himself says. "We are never hungry now," he says.

Yet, despite their circumstances, they have had a boy who, from appearance, is brighter than most children, under conditions which could not help bring him to the level of the swine with which he consorted whenever he could escape from his pen.

In the rooms of the Children's Society today poor little John Nelson was given the first bath he ever had. He went into the tub a malnourished, dirt-caked creature. He came out in some respect human child.

Nelson's parents are interesting. His mother is a Polish woman. Peter Nelson had buried two wives and had raised three sons and two daughters when the woman came to him to buy straw for her farm.

She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm.

She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm.

She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm.

She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm.

She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm.

She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm.

She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm.

She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm.

She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm.

She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm.

She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm.

She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm.

She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm.

She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm. She came to him to buy straw for her farm.

She came to him to buy straw for her farm